

A WISH FULFILLED

rickie and ellen had sailed
albeit on bumpy seas
through nine years together.

she wasn't happy with, but tolerated,
his priceless lack of ambition at 38,
his "manager's" job at the 49-er,
his best friend's bar he opens,
counts the take, orders beer, wine,
cheese, and rye, deposits the profits,
all by noon, in time for chess,
bowling, of flicks with Tommy Haines,
a poem in himself.

perhaps there was an afternoon or three
at Dan's Motel, but rick loved her in his way.
they went to shows like Evita,
dined at The Hobbit,
grew a little fat together,
a sign of love assured;
spent with Seal Beach friends
mexican vacations at Punta Banda
Nero would have envied.

she made double his salary,
drove a 280Z
while he thumbed to work,
no car, care, tax, or tux.

one day she urged him
to take on more responsibilities,
"grow up" like everybody else,
repeated the message once too often.

rick assumed the payments on Tommy's
used camaro, slick wheels;
it took him places ellen did not dream:
gambling at Gardena thrice a week,
then into an Eden with a 20-year-old
playmate of centerfold proportions.

now ellen sleeps in her new condo,
two bedrooms and a loft, all empty.

Henry Miller once said he had
to be careful what he wished for
because he might get it.